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THE MUTUAL Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK. ORGANIZED IN 1842. F. S. WINSTON, PRESIDENT. Assets, 58 Millions Cash. NO NOTES. THE OLDEST IN THE U. S. LARGEST AND BEST IN THE WORLD. Cheapest, because expenses are far lower than any other company, and dividends, which are paid annually in cash, are much larger than any other company. Experience is the best test. Insure your lives. Invest your money in this great old company, the largest and strongest insured corporation in the United States.

Then he came and stood by the stove while he filled his pipe (how I did wish I could have a pipe of my own!) and I verily believed it just dawned upon the man, as his new position gave him a view of my face, that I was taking my disappointment to heart, and indulging in a fit of the sulks too. Don't look so blue, Mattie, said he; we can go to mother's room tonight, perhaps; there is time enough. She will say several words, I presume, and you will see enough of her before she goes. By this time he had succeeded in making his pipe draw to his satisfaction, and shouldering his coat, was ready for a start. He kissed Eddie, and bent his lips to my face as usual. I began to clear up the supper table in a very dignified fashion. Joe did not appear to notice, and I let him depart, hardly vouching a reply, to the sound of his boots on the stairs. I was not alone of earth this night. My light alone of earth this night. My light alone of earth this night. My light alone of earth this night.

school-room, where I was just losing the small medium of decent looks I had ever possessed. But I thought I would rather teach Teddy Flynn and Bobby Jones their primers all the days of my life than to marry disagreeable, stingy Ned Morrison, even if he threw a wedge gold in my lap every day. So I began to favor Joe, principally for my independence; for when Sue was not by to put me down, I had a spiky little temper of my own. We were married at home in the little parlor, and they all came to the wedding. I had none of the floating white draperies that had enveloped Sue and eclipsed Will on their bridal day; I only had a plain brown silk—the first silk dress I ever possessed—my own earning and making. I had a white rose of mother's in my hair, and as I could easily stand under Joe's outstretched arm, there was no danger that he would look dwarfed beside me. It was not much of a place where we commenced housekeeping; the rooms were small, and not a great many of them. I did all my own work, washing included, and so to in the kitchen; so you see we were very humble folks indeed. Sue used to rather scorn at my furniture and surroundings when she sailed in upon us, as she did once a year, for a long visit. I always pretended I wanted nothing better than in my heart of hearts I knew I did. I possessed one treasure Sue did not—my fair faced boy, whom strangers stopped to admire for his pearly skin and blue eyes. Too lovely for a boy, as every one said. But to-night I think I was hardly glad even for Eddie; for Sue had come again for one of her lengthy visits, having in my mind that morning when I was in the midst of my baking. Sue rehearsed all the new things Will had bought her lately, ending with his promise, if his venture proved successful to buy her a diamond ring, and bring it when he came to-morrow night. I owned just one ring, which Joe had given me; but it was only an onyx, with a dark background, the white sapphire layer being cut in a forget-me-not. She always called it contemptuously an old maid's ring. Then she showed Eddie a portrait of a lady and a new picture book; informed that my eyes were as red as a ferret's when I was crying; asked me why in the world I did not buy a sitting-room carpet, and departed.

I had known she was coming to be sure, and it had been settled long before that we were to spend an evening at mother's, but nevertheless her visit had somewhat disturbed me, and I had felt vexed and worried all day over it. I supposed that was one reason I had broken down so easily to-night. The carpet was not only old and faded, but we had lived on it ever since we were married, and it had not been anything to boast of in the first place. The alpaca I had worked over so long would cut a sorry figure by the side of Sue's brown poplin walking suit, and velvet pattern of the same color, surmounted by a pretty turban with a pheasant's wing. My sitting wrap was plain shawl, decidedly not a fabrication of my own. Any boy might have expell'd her not to buy it; and the feather was so small and scrappy that I could not give it a stylish twist. I was in a dilemma. I had liked it well enough at first, and Joe thought it a marvel, but I hated it now. I had finished my mending, and as I laid Eddie's striped stockings on top of the pile, I thought how Sue could come and go as she liked, with no little tidbit to hinder her footsteps. I was to sit up for after my mending was done. So I went to bed and fell into a uneasy slumber. Some time in the night I was awakened by hoarse shouting mingled with the sound of running to and fro. I listened a moment and knew what it was—something had happened upon the road, and, of course, to Joe's train. I sprang out of bed, into slippers and ran to the back door. I threw it wide open, ran down the walk a little way, and listened. I could hear the rattle of the horrick car, setting off switches and catching an occasional word, but no connected sentence. It was smash—Joe Thompson—and that was all. I knew it then; Joe was killed. I went back into the house, never even closing the door. I caught Eddie out of his crib, and crouched down in a corner of the room with him in my arms, as if I were afraid some one would take him away. I wondered why they did not come to tell me—perhaps they dared not. I had a dim vision that when they came to tell me in the morning I would be stark mad—or dead. Would they never guess how cruel I had been to Joe—kind, faithful Joe? He had never given me a cross word in his world, but had lavished upon me all his heart. Why could I not have seen it before? I never understood it, until I heard a step; they were coming to tell me Joe was dead! I looked up—a tall figure with a pale face stood in the doorway—it was Joe's wrath come back to haunt me. Dear old Joe! When I opened my eyes I was lying on the lounge dripping with water, and Eddie was screaming at the top of his voice. I never understood it very well, but there had been an obstruction of the track which Joe had seen in time to apply some patent contrivance for stopping the cars, which had lately been put on the engine. Joe Henderson, the regular engineer, understood its working, and had explained its principle to Joe, who was greatly interested in such things—and he had run the risk of his life by stopping to work this when he might have leaped off safely. The engine was nearly a wreck, but she stopped all right, and Joe's courage and presence of mind had saved a fearful loss of life. What had I done to deserve such a husband? I had had some cuts and bruises, but nothing serious; they did not prevent me going to mother's to see Sue. The boys were coming also, with their wives. Oh, the way she went, a stout, stern looking old man, stamping with a gold-headed cane, who stopped in front of Joe and ejaculated: Well done, young man, I shall keep an eye on you. He rebuked me a keen look from his bushy eyebrows, and passed along. It was the president of the road. I

walked on air the rest of the way, even though I wore the old alpaca and plain shawl. Only mother need not have peered at me through her spectacles and said: How nicely you have altered your dress, Mattie; one can hardly see the pieces. And Edward's stately wife added in a way she meant to be kind— But I have quite a genius for that sort of thing. A poor man's wife needs to have, I said, a little hotly. I suppose they saw I did not like it, for they changed the conversation, and began to talk about Eddie. Mrs. Edward, whose four perfectly trained children were the wonder of all beholders, was pleased to admire his pretty ways; and when Charlie's wife caught him to her bosom in a passionate embrace, she knew she was thinking of her little child that had lain under the daisies these two years. The evening train brought Will, and Will brought the diamond. She put it on and flashed it in our faces, but I glanced down at my forget-me-not, and saw Joe, and was contented. Anybody would have discerned the diamond. They did not admire it so much after all. Edward's wife had diamonds of her own, larger and finer. Charlie's wife said, it is very pretty, Sue dear, but she had many more words of admiration for the dimple in Eddie's cheek. Yes, I explained, when she spoke of its beauty again, he inherits it from his father; the beard hides it but you can see where it grows a little darker in the centre of his cheek. Joe has a lovely great dimple just there. I could see Edward's mouth twitch a little at the idea of there being anything lovely about Joe, but I did not care. Then Will pulled an evening paper from his pocket and read an account of the accident, and my tall, awkward husband was the hero of the hour. Will even said, by George, he should like to do such a thing himself, as if he could—as if there could be any comparison between short, fussy Will Lindley and my Joe! I suppose President Hart is still keeping an eye on Joe—at least he is keeping the same train for the same pay as ever. But I had become so disgusted with any more of it, I will keep my husband and my boy and Sue can keep the diamonds. The VIENNA SCANDAL.—Exporting official abuse is not likely to help the reputation of our model Republic on the European continent; therefore, every honest citizen must feel mortified that the question of "irregularities" on the part of the National Commissioners to the Vienna Exposition has arisen as to compel the State Department to suspend them and order their conduct to be investigated. If they have gone into a truck and dicker business and become the paid agents of parties with axes to grind in the way of trade, instead of being honorable representatives of their country, they deserve the most serious condemnation and the speediest punishment. The nation cannot afford to have its character bought and sold at the Austrian Paris; and should Yankee deception must not there be allowed the slightest degree to mar the fair fame of America won at Geneva. The scandal, if there be foundation for it as feared, is shameful in the extreme, and the reputation of the nation, if it were shown to be guilty, in that respect, would be indelibly and indignantly damaged by the people. Questionable lobbying and beating transactions are bad enough at home; but that men assumed to be above reproach should seek high positions to carry assiduity abroad where it will be conspicuous as a national disgrace, it is a crime whose enormity is increased by its bad faith and treachery.—Boston Transcript.

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FOR SALE. The Cheshire Marble Quarry. A large Marble Mill with eight gears of new iron running on cast iron shafts, and all the fixtures thereon belonging. Inquire of L. E. Knapp, Tr. W. Clark, or Wm. Mulesbury, at the office of the Vermont Marble Co., Middlebury, Vt., Nov. 13, 1871.

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FOR SALE. A Farm 1-2 half mile from Middlebury Village, containing 75 acres of land, well located, buildings newly repaired, choice fruit, and at a price that any one wanting it can afford to buy. Middlebury, Vt. 46 SAML. E. COOK.

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